

MURDER ENDS A SORDID LIFE.

THE KILLING OF A DRUNKEN NEER-DO-WELL FOLLOWS.

The Two Crimes Discovered by a Fire, Intended Apparently to Conceal Them—Abbott, a Veteran Fence Keeper, Is Struck Down Where His Son Stood Three Years Ago—A Tragedy of the Drags of Life in the Heart of Brooklyn.

Old George F. Abbott, miser and fence keeper, was found murdered on the grimy floor of his ancient hovel back of Chapel alley, opposite St. James Pro-Cathedral, in Brooklyn yesterday. A few feet away, when the bodies of Abbott and his son, Harry Van Buskirk, were found, was a body of a man who had been beaten to death with a club. Van Buskirk had been shot through the head. The murders were discovered by firemen who had been called to put out a fire which the murderers had started to prevent the discovery of their work.

Out of an atmosphere of petty thievery, bestiality, misery and all uncleanliness, moral and material, out of a record of years of defiant lawbreaking, out of a history of months of quarrelling and threatening between a gang of sullen, stupid drunken tramps on the one hand and a running old miser of the other, the Brooklyn police quickly traced the story of the murders.

Had a novelist written such a story as this that the police will set before the courts, the murders would have been brought to trial, the critics would have lashed him unsparring for an over-melodramatic sensationalist; they would have declared that no such sordid and shameful conglomeration of emotions and conditions could ever have been found outside of a morbid imagination.

POOR ARRESTS.

Three men and a boy were arrested within two hours after the bodies of Abbott and Van Buskirk were found. Last night three men were in the prison of the Adams street station: Charles Johnson, a tramp carpenter and a jack-of-all-trades, charged with murder; Oscar Dahlin, a scullion in low saloons and cheap lodging houses, charged with being an accomplice in the murders; Charles Olson, another itinerant scullion, held as a witness and Arnaldo Benedetto, also held as a witness. St. James Pro-Cathedral is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest church in Brooklyn. The original building has recently been encased in strong modern outer walls to protect the inner shrine in all its ancient quaintness. The neighborhood for blocks around has an old fashioned appearance which the old church, its parish house and its young men's club have done much to preserve.

THE MURDERED FENCE.

George F. Abbott once owned most of the square opposite the Pro-Cathedral. In the middle of the square, where the transverse alley met, were his store rooms and his stable. He and his business have been there, as nearly as the memory of living man runs, as long as the church itself.

Once Abbott lived at 245 Pearl street, the street south of Jay street. The building ran back to the stables and the hovels in the middle of the alley. He pretended to be a general dealer in junk and second-hand things. With his wife, his son and his daughter he lived in the upper floors of the building, which was next to the headquarters of Engine Company 107. The ground floor was used as a stable. There old Abbott's robber customers drove their wagon loads of plunder in by night and spent the day haggling with him, bit by bit, over the price at which the contents should be sold.

CONTENTS OF HIS PLACE.

But a few years ago the miser mortgaged the Pearl street house. Rather than take money out of the safe deposit vaults in which he hoarded it, with which to redeem the mortgage he let the property be sold. It is now used as an automobile station. Great was the edification of the neighborhood when the Abbotts moved out of the house. A solid marble bathtub came out with a great bundle of children's hats and was followed soon after by a crate of empty bottles and a dog's baby carriage. There were paintings, bar fixtures, images of the saints and glittering glass chandeliers, books and beer taps; there was nothing within the sphere of human usefulness, seemingly, which was not represented in the collection. Most of it was taken to the sheds back in the alleys and stored there. It was a matter of grim jest among the neighbors that there was no live stock in the lot, for Abbott had more than once been arrested for harboring stolen horses and delivery wagons.

Mrs. Abbott went South after this removal. She took with her the boy, George F. Abbott, Jr., who had spent two years in Elmira for an atrocious assault upon a little girl, Mary Paige. The crime had been committed in the very spot where the old man's body was found yesterday. The boy came out of prison with consumption and his mother took him to Florida and southern California. He died. The mother is still in California, the neighbors say. The story runs that she is travelling from one hotel to another in considerable luxury. The daughter married a well-to-do Long Island farmer.

But old man Abbott never left the block. He went back to the sheds in the alley. A self-respecting dog would not have lived there.

Opposite the Pro-Cathedral is the entrance to the place, Chapel alley. It is unevenly paved with cobblestones. The alley ends in a court, where the slums of slops and dishwater from the nearby houses never dry. To the left, along the edges of the court, are a row of ramshackle stalls, which Abbott rented to such hucksters and small tradesmen as had so little compassion for their beasts as to keep them in such quarters. In the court, too, were the rattle-trap wrecks of the wagons which Abbott used in carting junk to and from his store-rooms. Beyond these, cutting off the end of the alley, was the building itself.

ABBOTT'S SUBORDINATES.

Is there any stage scene painter, any magazine illustrator who would know what the home of a miserly trafficker with thieves is really like? Let him go to the back of Chapel alley and look at Abbott's place. The doors are double and open like those of an old fashioned barn. Within is a mass of rubbish and dirt, waste and things of value, jumbled in mouldy confusion. There is a physician's phlebotomy light in

SMALL BOY KILLS HIS MOTHER.

Four-Year-Old Shoots Her in Play With Gun Father Left at Hand.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., July 12.—Otto Brittinger, 4 years old, son of Otto Brittinger, of Shongun Lake, shot and killed his mother this morning with a double-barrelled shotgun. The tragedy occurred on the porch of the Brittinger house, which is in a secluded spot near the lake.

The boy's father had taken the gun out to shoot some wild ducks which had been seen flying about the lake, and had left the loaded weapon standing in a corner of the porch. Otto went out to play while his mother was ironing a waist for him to wear. He picked up the gun, succeeded in cocking it and then called to his mother. As she approached he called: "Look out, mamma! I'm going to shoot!"

The child reeled the muzzle of the gun on a chair and pointing at his mother, fired. The charge struck Mrs. Brittinger in the abdomen. Seeing her mother fall to the floor, the boy ran out into the yard crying. Mr. Brittinger heard the shot and ran to the house. He found his wife still alive and telephoned for a physician. Dr. J. P. Cook of Dover responded, but the woman died in great agony before he reached the house.

TIGHTS LOOKED ALIKE TO HER.

Miss Minnie Stahl's Baby Blue Pair Vainly Sought by Sleuths.

A young woman tripped into the Tenderloin station yesterday afternoon and glanced nervously around. Then she leaned over the rail and whispered to Sergt. Shibles:

"No, you needn't be bashful," said the sergeant, "you can't shoot any one here." The young woman seemed relieved. "Well," she said, "I don't know what I'll do. I'm an actress and I have some lovely tight—white, blue, pink and all colors. I've landed a fine job for the fall and I had the lights dyed."

"Full-cut baby blue—on the back of a chair. It was warm and I opened the door. Then I felt sleepy and went to bed. When I woke up those tight were gone. Do you think you can find them?" Sergt. Shibles looked sympathetic and said he'd try. The young woman said she was Miss Minnie Stahl, living at 152 West Twenty-seventh street, and went away. Two sleuths went out and they gathered up some 200 pairs of tight of all sizes and colors. The young woman was sent for, but she couldn't pick out hers.

MAN THEY CALLED OLD, UPTOWN.

BORN 1801. NEVER SHAVED OR WORE SPECULACES—FATHER DIED AT 93, WIFE AT 96.

Stephen J. Miley, a centenarian of the Bronx, did not come back from his daily walk yesterday. His children, his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren hunted for him and ended by notifying the police. Early in the evening Policeman John Jensen found him at the corner of 170th street and Third avenue suffering from temporary loss of memory. He recovered rapidly and was sent home in a carriage to the residence of his son, Michael A. Miley, at 1820 Bathing avenue.

Mrs. Michael A. Miley says her father-in-law was born in Dublin in 1801, and came to this city as a youth. He was an expert gardener, at one time employed by the city. He married Miss Margaret Fife, who died six years ago, at the age of 76. They had eight children, all of whom have had children. They've stopped counting great-grandchildren, who are scattered all over The Bronx and Manhattan. There are four generations living in the same house.

Miley's hobby is stale food. That, he says, has preserved him—no fresh or green food. His daughter-in-law says that he eats more than any two other members of the family. He has never needed spectacles. He has never shaved. He hasn't washed with soap for thirty years. Some comrades shovled a cake of soap down his throat once just for fun and he never could abide it in any form afterward.

Miley says that his father lived to be 126, and he himself is out to beat the family record.

DEAFENING CASHIER CAUGHT.

John A. Ritter of This City Under Arrest in a Nebraska Jail.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 12.—John A. Ritter, until November last the cashier and confidential clerk of A. P. Ordway & Co., manufacturing chemists of New York city, was arrested to-day at Columbus, this State, by Detective Robert McNaught of New York. Ritter is wanted for the embezzlement of checks and money from his firm. He had hidden in the West after escaping from New York for six months has been running a shoe polishing place on a side street in Columbus. Ritter was caught because he had a sister at Sidney, Neb., whose mail was watched.

Detective Sergeant McNaught telegraphed to Inspector McCuskey from Columbus, Neb., yesterday that he had arrested Ritter, who is under indictment in this city for forgery. Ritter was for ten years cashier of Ordway & Co., manufacturing chemists at 341-345 West Thirty-seventh street. It is alleged that he appropriated checks and cash from the firm, and that he had been arrested and also retained half of the amount allowed to be expended in postage for pamphlets and circulars old. He had unlimited control of the chemist's finances, and according to Inspector McCuskey he has stolen, all told nearly \$18,000.

AUTOGRAPH ALBUM RECOVERED.

Mr. Shiebler's Book Containing the Writings of Famous Men Found in a Locker.

George W. Shiebler of 47 Plaza street, Brooklyn, has recovered his precious autograph album, which disappeared mysteriously one evening over a year and a half ago while in transit to the Yale Club in West Forty-fourth street, where a friend of Mr. Shiebler had promised to obtain the autograph of Dr. Lorenz, the famous Vienna surgeon.

Mr. Shiebler had long given up the album as lost. He was overjoyed, therefore, on Monday when the superintendent of the Yale Club notified him that it had been discovered in an old locker in the clubhouse. The book was substantially intact except for the loss of the fine Russian leather cover, which had been torn off. The book contains the autographs of almost all the famous persons of the last half century.

It will not be Mr. Shiebler's fault if the first entry after its recovery will not include the name of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, for Mr. Shiebler has been an early pilgrim to Exopus.

AN ESCAPING PRISONER SHOT.

COOL GUARDS IN CALDWELL, N. J., PREVENT JAIL DELIVERY.

Convicts Threaten Their Keepers While Two of Their Mates Make a Break for Liberty—Riders Drive Them Back—Fugitives Caught, One Shot in the Thigh.

CALDWELL, N. J., July 12.—Two prisoners today attempted to escape from the convict gang of stone breakers in the yard of the Essex county jail. Both were captured, but not until after one of them had been shot in the hip and the wardens had been a long chase across the fields for his companion.

For a minute or two there was an uproar on the part of all the prisoners in the jail, and Warden Meyers and his deputies were threatened with the humiliation of having an empty prison.

The men who tried to escape were James McCormick of Newark and Edward Conney of Hoboken. They were at work with thirty or more prisoners in the stone pen, which is fenced in with barbed wire netting. Conney and McCormick worked side by side, sitting on the ground and breaking up blocks of trap rock with heavy iron rings. Evidently they had planned to get away together, for both asked the guard at the same time if they might go to the pump for a drink of water. The guard told them to go ahead.

The pump is in the corner of the enclosure within a foot of the wire fence. While Conney pumped McCormick pounded at the barrier till he had made a hole in the mesh big enough for a man to put the toe of his boot in. That much was accomplished after the guard realized that something was wrong. When he looked around to see why the men were not coming back to their work he saw Conney astride of the fence just ready to drop on the other side and McCormick with one foot in the hole in the mesh prepared to climb.

The guard shouted to them to stop and threatened to shoot if they didn't. He also gave the alarm for the other deputies, ten of whom rushed from other parts of the yard and from the jail.

Conney, the man who was lucky enough to be on top of the fence when he was discovered, dropped to the other side, shouting to McCormick to follow and take a chance with the guns. McCormick took the chance and grabbed the top of the fence. A guard fired a shot over his head but the prisoner kept on climbing. A second shot was a little closer to his head, but he threw a leg over the swaying top of the wire fence. Then the guard aimed to hit and put a bullet into McCormick's hip. The prisoner fell from the fence back into the stone pen.

By this time all the other prisoners from being a little nervous and excited had got into a good deal of a frenzy and began to shout and curse the guards. They threw their heavy iron rings and threatened to attack them, but they were not crazy enough to risk it when their keepers leveled their rifles. The prisoners threw down the rings and then, on a common impulse, turned and made a simultaneous rush for the fence.

Ten guards fired a volley over the heads of the mob, but so slow that the bullets hit the fence and set all the barbed wire vibrating and hissing. That one volley was enough. The prisoners slunk back to their places and went to breaking stone as if nothing had happened.

In the mean time other guards had gone out to hunt for Conney. They traced him across a wide field back of the jail by the opening that his body had made as he went through the mesh of the fence. The trail led through a strip of woods into another field where the hay was standing, and Conney might as well have left word where he was going. Half way across the second field the guards found the fugitive's prison suit. There was a little wider opening in the hay where the prisoner had stopped to undress and shed his stripes. They found Conney himself lying on the ground, yards further on, curled up on the ground.

"It's on me," he said when five guards stood about him with their guns pointed and told him to walk back to where his clothes were and dress. He said that he thought he would be able to hide in the tall grass till after dark and then find a way to get clothes.

Conney and McCormick were both sentenced last May for nine months for stealing brass fixtures from the passenger cars of the Erie Railroad.

CARRIED HOME HIS DEAD CHILD.

Florence Jacobson's Playmates Followed, Weeping for Drowned Girl.

Florence Jacobson, 12 years of age, of 11 Cedar avenue, a pupil of the High Bridge school, was drowned in the Harlem River yesterday under the eyes of thirty playmates and almost in sight of her father.

The little girls were bathing off 176th street. At this point there are many sandbars, mostly divided by shallow water. The children were playing, follow my leader, from back to front. None of them could swim. Florence Jacobson, who was one of the liveliest of the lot, saw a bar some distance away and dared her playmates to follow her in swimming across. The leader started. Suddenly she screamed, threw up her hands and went under.

John Fullerton was swimming further down the river. He heard the children scream, saw what was the matter and ran to the spot. The little girl, swept out into the stream by the current, was going down for the last time. He dived again and again, but could not find her.

The alarm spread down the river to the Charles Leachbury, who was in the neighborhood. Florence Jacobson's father is a foreman. Someone told him that his girl was drowning. Jacobson ran to the river and found that his first true love was gone. He ran a launch to the spot, and Jacobson, crying aloud with grief, began to drag for the body.

He caught it several blocks down the river, where the current had carried it. Dr. Bell, the family physician, was called. The spark has been out a long time," he said.

The group of little girls who had been bathing in the river went up the bank, crying with Jacobson as he carried his daughter's body home.

HILL OFFERED IT TO GUFFEY.

Latter Refused to Be National Chairman—Doesn't Want Taggart, Either.

PITTSBURGH, July 12.—James M. Guffey, the political leader of the Democracy in this end of Pennsylvania, was around town to-day and things political took a decided boom. It came out not only that Mr. Guffey had refused to accept the place of national chairman offered him by David B. Hill, but that he was opposed to out and out to Thomas Taggart of Indiana getting the honor.

It is stated here by a close friend of Mr. Guffey that William F. Sheehan of New York will be named as national chairman if he wants the place and that Taggart will be sent to Chicago as head of the executive committee. It was said to-day that when the delegates were in St. Louis Hill sent the national chairmanship, but he refused.

Later a friend of Taggart came to him and said Taggart would like to have the place.

"A fine man," said Guffey, "and if Tom Taggart would ask me to be for him I would be proud to lend him my aid." This word was carried to Taggart who do not seem to be interested in the Albany law school in 1872, he had three Jersey men for classmates, Supreme Court Justice J. Franklin Fort of East Orange, William J. James of Tom's River and the late Congressman Joshua S. Salmon of Morris-town. Before separating, the class had a set of albums made, one for each member, and in each album the members of the class placed pictures and autographs, some of them their church and political affiliation, and some a motto or quotation.

The album owned by the late Congressman Salmon has been unearthed. Judge Parker wrote "Democrat" in one corner of the page and, in addition to his signature, this motto: "Leges vigilantibus non dormientibus" (the laws aid the vigilant, not the negligent).

JUDGE PARKER'S MOTTO.

Leges Vigilantibus Non Dormientibus Subvenit.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., July 12.—When Alton B. Parker was graduated from the Albany Law School in 1872, he had three Jersey men for classmates, Supreme Court Justice J. Franklin Fort of East Orange, William J. James of Tom's River and the late Congressman Joshua S. Salmon of Morris-town. Before separating, the class had a set of albums made, one for each member, and in each album the members of the class placed pictures and autographs, some of them their church and political affiliation, and some a motto or quotation.

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WHAT I WISHED, SAYS HILL.

The Ex-Senator Says the Money Question Is Now Out of the Campaign.

ALBANY, July 12.—Ex-Gov. David B. Hill in an interview here to-day said: "I am gratified that the convention so enthusiastically endorsed the money and money stand of Judge Parker, and that the whole country has so favorably received it. The party is in the position in which I wished it to be, having endorsed the present gold standard, the financial question is now entirely out of the campaign, and the Republicans are powerless to drag it in. The road to a successful campaign has been cleared."

GERMAN LOAN FOR RUSSIA.

Bankers Ready to Advance \$25,000,000 If Government Doesn't Object.

BERLIN, July 12.—The Deutsche Nachrichten says that Russia has arranged with prominent German bankers for a loan of 250,000,000 marks at 5 per cent. It is believed that the mission of M. Witte, president of the Russian Ministerial Council, partly is to secure Germany's acquiescence in the loan, it being possible for the Government to place obstacles in the way of the transaction by raising technical objections.

ANGLO-GERMAN ARBITRATION.

Treaty Signed Similar to the One With France, Italy and Spain.

LONDON, July 12.—An arbitration agreement has been signed by Great Britain and Germany providing for the settlement of differences of a legal nature or differences relating to the interpretation of existing treaties. It is identical with the agreements Great Britain has lately signed with France, Italy and Spain.

FRENCH PREMIER EXONERATED.

Chartreux Scandal Ended by Vote of Chamber of Deputies.

PARIS, July 12.—The Government has weathered the storm aroused by the Chartreux affair, and Prime Minister Combes has been exonerated. The Chamber of Deputies to-day, by a vote of 334 to 154, set aside the investigation of the Chartreux scandal, and adopted a resolution declaring that no suspicion attaches to the Prime Minister or Government because of the scandal.

Elgar Combes, son of the Premier and Secretary-General of the Ministry of Interior, was accused of soliciting a bribe to prevent the expulsion of the monks from France.

BICYCLE POLICEMAN HURT.

Leahane Gored by Fast Auto, Struck by Wagon—Rider Fractured.

As Bicycle Policeman Leahane of the West Fifty-eighth street station was speeding down Eighty-first street yesterday to head off a large automobile sprinting on Riverside Drive, he saw ahead of him two wagons drawn close to the right hand curb and another on the left. There was plenty of room to pass, but just as he was nearing the gap the driver of the wagon on the left started to turn around.

It was too late to stop and the driver paid no attention to Leahane's shouts. The shaft caught him in the side, breaking several ribs and throwing him violently to the ground. The wagon on the right nearly broke his leg. Leahane was taken to Roosevelt Hospital.

McAdoo Must Reinstatement Corkhill. Supreme Court Justice Garretson in Brooklyn has granted a writ of mandamus directing Police Commissioner McAdoo to reinstate John J. Corkhill as complaint clerk in the Police Department. Corkhill was dismissed from his position on Feb. 11 last. He contended that his dismissal was illegal as he was appointed to the position in January, 1903, after passing a civil service examination. Commissioner McAdoo held that Corkhill held a confidential position and therefore his dismissal was proper.

Short Vacation for Comptroller Great. Comptroller Great will sail for Europe on July 24. He will return on the same steamer.

THREATEN MEAT FAMINE HERE.

BUTCHERS, CUTTERS AND DRIVERS VOTE TO STRIKE TO-DAY.

They Say That 2,500 Men Will Go Out and That Meat Can't Be Slaughtered, Cut Up or Delivered Without Them—Prices of Meat Will Go Up Immediately.

In response to a hurry call a meeting of the joint executive committee of the New York locals of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of America was held last evening at 537 First avenue, to act on the Western strike against the packing companies. A despatch was read from the headquarters of the organization in Chicago calling on the New York members to quit work. A resolution was then passed declaring a strike in this city, to go into effect to-day, which those present said will affect 2,500 men and extend the meat famine to this city.

The shops affected in this city are those of the Armour Packing Company, Schwarzschild & Sulzberger, Nelson Mores & Co., the Cudahy Packing Company and the United States Dressed Beef Company. The strike will affect the butchers, cutters, carvers, slaughtermen, drivers and helpers. As soon as the news reached this city, a number of retail butchers began to advance prices two and three cents a pound. In the small stores the meat is bought by the storekeepers as it is needed, and they will be hit first.

Representatives of the companies at their depots here said there would undoubtedly be a scarcity of meat for some time, but they every effort would be made to fill the places of the strikers.

H. L. Elieberg, general organizer of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of America, has arrived here and will take a hand in directing the local strike. Elieberg predicted the strike a week ago and said then that it was inevitable. He said last evening:

"There will not be a pound of meat for sale in this city within three days. We have every branch so thoroughly organized that the firms cannot help themselves. We had an agreement with the packing companies for every branch but the laborers. They were getting 17½ cents an hour and wanted 18½ cents. Instead of granting the advance the companies proposed to cut the wages to 16½ cents. It was apparent then that they wanted to provoke a strike.

"Surely 18½ cents an hour was small enough wages. The strike of the other branches is in sympathy with the laborers and there will be a meat famine all over the country. We did our best to avoid a strike, and now the responsibility for the strike is up to the employers."

The big hotels and restaurants generally keep a good supply of meat, but New York is a big meat eating city and even large supplies do not last long. If the strike lasts a week and nobody can be found to cut up beef and drive butcher carts these places may feel the pinch.

President Joseph T. Sulzberger of the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Company said last evening that the price of beef would be affected seriously in any case by the strike.

"The strike was no surprise to us," he continued. "It was impossible, however, for us to prepare to meet an emergency of this kind, and while there is no immediate shortage in the beef supply it is not easy to say what the conditions may be later. The fact that most of the strikers are from the West will seriously affect the prices of meats in a day or so, independent of the local troubles. The situation in Chicago may clear in a day or two."

The following statement was made on behalf of the Cudahy company: "The price of meat will go up in the local market, beginning with to-day. This is a natural consequence of the shortage of the supply. The longer the trouble lasts the higher will be the price."

PACKING INDUSTRY TIED UP.

Fifty Thousand Employees Strike at Chicago and Other Meat Centres.

CHICAGO, July 12.—Chicago and the great packing centres of the West are in the throes of a gigantic industrial struggle. The strike of 50,000 butcher workmen is on in full force, and the packing industry of the nation is tied up.

Promptly at noon to-day, the time set for the strike to go into effect, the men laid down their tools and walked out. It was a revelation to the packers, who believed that the order would not be generally obeyed. Even the strike leaders themselves were surprised at the alacrity with which the men responded to the strike order.

Fifty 20,000 men in the stock yards here were out before the quitting hour to-night. At Kansas City, next to Chicago the largest packing centre in the West, over 10,000 men and women responded to the strike order, tying up all plants. At South Omaha 4,000 quit work. From St. Joseph, East St. Louis, St. Paul, Fort Worth and Sioux City came reports of President Hill of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butchers' Union that the men were "all out."

Plans are now being considered by the packers to join forces and operate at least one of the big packing houses, using the available non-union forces. It is believed there are men enough willing to work to enable at least one plant to be operated at nearly its full capacity. If this scheme proves practicable many small dealers will be supplied with meat.

All efforts of the Chicago Employers' Association to secure a settlement of the strike by arbitration have been rejected by the union men. The Employers' Association will support the packers with money and influence.

Through the recently established employment bureau, thousands of men will be supplied to take the strikers' places. Secretary Frederick Job of the association said to-day: "We are having a hundred applications a day for work by men who are not in unions. I have been told that never in the history of the yards have so many idle men been seeking employment there."

There was no disorder beyond that caused by the anxiety of the men to draw their pay. At the cashiers' offices the crush was great and notices were posted saying that if the men chose they could wait until to-morrow. The greater portion of the workers availed themselves of this opportunity to get away. Several hundred police were detailed at the yards, but there was no call for their services.

STEAMER LOST WITH 31.

The Nemesis Goes Down in a Gale Off New South Wales.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. SYDNEY, N. S. W., July 12.—The steamer Nemesis, with all hands on board, numbering thirty-one, has been lost in a gale on the coast of New South Wales. The chief officer and engineer were survivors of the steamer Ellingamite, which was wrecked in November, 1902, while bound from Sydney for Auckland.

SENATOR DANIEL COLLAPSES.

Seriously Ill After His Hard Work at the Democratic Convention.

St. Louis, July 12.—Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia, who was chairman of the committee on resolutions of the Democratic national convention, which drew up the platform with which Judge Parker found fault, and who was one of the main defenders of the Judge on the platform in the nerve wracking debate of Saturday night and Sunday morning, is lying at the St. Nicholas Hotel in a state of nervous collapse.

His condition is regarded as serious, and he will remain in St. Louis indefinitely until he is able to travel.

MRS. KNAPP SAILS TO MARRY.

Frankly Says She Is to Be Lord William Bateman-Hansbury's Bride.

Mrs. Henry C. Knapp, who sailed yesterday for Plymouth aboard the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm II., accompanied by a maid, frankly admitted to the reporters that the object of her trip was to marry Lord William Spencer Bateman-Hansbury.

She was formerly Miss Marian Graham. Her husband died about eighteen months ago. She met Lord William Bateman-Hansbury about six months ago. He is in his forty-eighth year and she is several years his junior. The marriage will take place on July 28, at St. George's, Hanover Square, London.

OYSTER BAY OFFICES DARK.

Lighting Stops Work of Government Clerks—Outs Off Washington Connection.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., July 12.—A heavy thunderstorm which swept over Oyster Bay at 8 o'clock to-night burned out the electric light wires in the Moore Building, on the second floor of which are the Executive offices, and left the Government force of clerks in darkness. Work had to be discontinued for the night, and word to that effect was sent to Washington. Line-men were immediately set to work to remedy the trouble. The storm also cut off the direct wire connection with Washington.

NEEDS A GUN OR SOMETHING.

Mr. Childs, Back From Yonkers, Applies for Permit to Go Armed.

A man, who said he was John J. Childs of 808 West Fifty-fifth street, applied at the West Forty-seventh street police station last night for a permit to carry a revolver. Sergt. O'Brien told him that it would take him about five days to get a permit.

"I can't wait," said Childs. "I am going to my lodge in the Catalina to-morrow, and if I can't get a permit now I will carry a gun anyway."

Childs said that he went recently into a saloon not far from the West Forty-seventh street station and took a drink with some men there. The next thing he knew, he said, was when he woke up among some trees in Yonkers with \$300 missing.

BOY'S JOKE REACTED FATALLY.

Played Drowning Once—When He Was Really Drowning Nobody Went to Him.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 12.—A crowd of boys were paddling about in "the swimmer's hole," at the upper end of Deal Lake, yesterday, when William Holmes of West Grove, swam out into deep water. Sud- denly he was hoisted up by a group of boys. Other boys went to his assistance. When they reached the place where he had disappeared, the joker bobbed up laughing at the scare he had given them.

The same youngsters were bathing at the same place to-day when Holmes seemingly repeated the joke. The youngsters remained on the bank laughing and waiting for him to come up, but the boy had drowned. His body was recovered this afternoon.

WE BUY PHILADELPHIA BONDS.